

Cotton Goods

In Anderson October 12th to 17th.

As our part of this Great Movement to assist the Farmers, Mill Employees and Mill Owners of the South, and especially of Anderson County, we are herewith naming prices on staple, seasonable cotton goods that should move a big lot this week.

PICK COTTON GOODS, WHILE THE PICKING'S GOOD!

- COTTON BLANKETS 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.
- CURTAIN SCrim—Big assortment of new patterns, 12 1-2c values at 10c.
- FLANNELETTE—Big line of Flannelette in all colors, suitable for ladies house dresses, 10c grade at 8 1-3c.
- GALLATEA—All shades of Gallateas, for making children's dresses and boys' waists, 15c value at 12c.
- APRON GINGHAMS—Big assortment of Staple patterns, 7c values at 5c.
- 19-4 SHEETING—Bleached and unbleached, 35c quality at 25c.
- WHITE BED SPREADS—Exceptional values at 98c, \$1.25, -1.50 and \$2.00.
- STANDARD SHEETS—Already made, ready for use, 72x90 inches, 50c grade at 39c each.
- MOHAWK SHEETS—Guaranteed Quality, 81x90 inches, 90c quality at 75c.
- PILLOW CASES—42 by 36 inches, 10c and 12 1-2c, good values.
- POE MILLS BLEACHING—10c quality at 8 1-3c.
- BROGON MILLS OUTING—Made in Anderson County. Full line, dark and light patterns, 10c grades at 8 1-3c.
- UNBLEACHED COTTON FLANNEL—8c, 10c and 12 1-2c.
- PERCALES—In an unending variety of colors and patterns, 12 1-2c values at 10c.
- GINGHAMS—Big line of Fall Dress Gingham for Ladies' and Children's dresses, 10c value at 8 1-3c.
- UNDERVESTS AND DRAWERS—Ladies' vests and drawers, 25c and 50c good values.
- UNION SUITS—Ladies' Ribbed Union Suits, 48c each, Special.
- CHILDREN'S RIBBED VESTS—10c, good values.

And THOUSANDS of other values just as good as these that are advertised for National Cotton Goods Week. Come!

The Lesser Co.

UNIQUE FEATURE OF CHAPEL EXERCISES

Members of Clemson College Faculty Take Turns in Giving News of the Week.

Clemson College, Oct. 10.—(Special)—A unique feature of the chapel exercises at Clemson is the giving of the news for five minutes just before the devotional exercises begin. About a dozen members of the faculty volunteer their services for this work, and they take turns, each giving the news for a week. This work is for the benefit of the student body and is kept up at their request. The devotional exercises consist of the reading of a selection from the scriptures by one of the ministers, a song led by Secretary Sweeney with C. W. Webb at the piano, and with nearly all the cadets joining in the singing. Then follows a prayer, usually closing with the Lord's prayer, in which practically all join.

The literary societies have appointed an inter-collegiate debating committee consisting of the following: J. C. Cannon, chairman; R. C. Kennedy, J. S. Moore, H. D. Barker, F. L. Butler, and D. F. Folger. These men are considering the question of holding debates with the North Carolina A. & M. College, and with the Agricultural college of Georgia.

The three upper classes have elected officers for the year as follows: Senior class: president, D. S. Swinehart; vice president, W. A. Bigby; secretary and treasurer, C. B. Iler; chaplain, J. T. Wood.

Junior Class: president, D. F. Folger; vice president, S. C. Webb; secretary and treasurer, W. B. Townsend; chaplain, J. C. Hamilton; chaplain, M. C. Graham.

Sophomore class: president, J. L. Cathcart; vice president, H. Harris; secretary and treasurer, C. B. Garrett. In addition to the regular literary societies, there are several departmental societies made up chiefly of the students in the senior class in these departments. The Agricultural society has elected J. Cannon as its president. The following are the editors of the Agricultural Journal, which is published by the students in this society: R. A. Johnson, Agronomy; E. H. Pate, Animal Husbandry; W. A. Teal, Entomology; G. J. Lawton, Veterinary Science; R. W. Muldrow, Soils; R. P. Thornton, Chemistry; M. R. Smith, Plant Pathology; G. R. Briggs, Horticulture.

POSITIVELY MASTERS GROUP Foley's Honey and Tar Compound cuts the thick, choking mucus, and clears away the phlegm. Opens up the air passages and stops the hoarse cough. The gasping, strangling effort for breath gives way to quiet breathing and peaceful sleep. Harold Berg, Maud, Mich., writes: "We give Foley's Honey and Tar to our children for croup and it always cures quickly. No wonder a man in Texas walked 15 miles to the store to get a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. Every user is a friend. For sale by Evans' Pharmacy."

COMING ATTRACTION TO FURNISH THRILLS

BIG WILD WEST SHOW HAS FEATURES

ALL NEW SCENES

Cowboys, Hunters, Indians, Mexicans, all These With the 101 Ranch.

The cowgirls constitute a very important part of Miller Bros.' Arlington's 101 Ranch Wild West Show, which this city will see Tuesday, October 27. There are said to be nearly fifty of these natty, healthy, vigorous looking girls, and they vie with the cow-punchers in performing daring and neck-risking feats on Indian ponies and "outlaw" horses. They are a picturesque lot, too, and even the Indians in their war-paint and feathers do not attract any more admiring attention.

One of the most interesting features of the performance—made so, no doubt, by its strenuousness and evident danger—is the broncho-busting. The girls do not hesitate to ride the wildest horses, and it is seldom that any one of them is thrown. If an accident occurs it is rarely serious, for the girls are said to betray a remarkable facility in getting away from the backs of the horses when they involuntarily take a "header." Edgie Lindsay, a little cowgirl from Oklahoma, is one of the favorites with 101 Ranch audiences, but Bessie Herberg, Beatrice Brosseau, Martina Albert, the Barry Twins, Blanche McGaughey, the "girl who throws the steer," and others among the cowgirls come in for a great deal of admiring attention because of their skill and daring in handling spirited horses.

Among the cowgirls are a number who are as skillful in throwing the lariat as the cow-punchers, and the two best shots with the show are girls. Edith Tentington is an Oklahoma front and Frincess Wenona is a Sioux. Both have won world's medals for crack shooting. In the group of Indian girls women are several expert riders. Little Sunshine, a Mohican girl, who has spent most of her life among Iron Tail's Sioux Indians, is declared to be exceptionally clever in handling wild Mustangs.

The girls with the 101 Ranch are credited with contributing greatly to the success of the show in addition to their ability, they give a graceful feminine touch to the exhibition. In connection with the Indians, the cowboys, the scouts, the Mexicans and cowboys they give a performance that, according to report, is without a dull moment from start to finish. All the Wild West celebrities will be seen in the parade that takes place at 10:30 in the morning.

Admission 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00. Seats reserved.

PEACE

By EDWIN MARKHAM.
Author of "The Man With the Hoe" and Other Poems.

Who are the ghosts in flight
Where sieges guns spat their rage upon the night?
What shapes are those that shiver in the moon
About the towers and banners of Verdun?
And what those cries at night on hill and tane
Down the long, ruined valley of the Marne?
They are the ghosts that cannot rest, that cry
Because there was no need to die.

And look, on the north still runs a line of fire
Where armies struggle in the battle-mire!
And yonder, see the crimson battle-rain
Upon the heights of Alsace!
And further still upon the cliffs of Oise
The streaming banners and the loud huzzahs,
And far upon the east the marching masses
Are pouring through the wild Carpathian passes;
And the bright quiet flood
Of Vistula is red with brother's blood.

Peace, peace, O men, for ye are brothers all—
Ye in the trench and on the shattered wall.
Do ye not know ye came
Out of one Love and wear one sacred name?

Let there be no more battles; earth is old
With sorrows; let the weary banners fold.
And the grim cannons spewing death on men,
They, too, are weary and would sleep again.
And they have drunk enough, the battle blades—
Enough, God knows, are laid asleep with apades.
Yes, there are ghosts enough hurled on ahead,
Choking the shadowy passes of the dead.

Peace, brothers; let the music of the loom
Help us a little to forget the doom.
Yes, let the busy whisper of the wheel
And the bright furrow of the happy keel,
Help to forget the rage of sword and flame,
And wrongs that are too terrible for name.
And let the grasses hurry to the graves
To cover them with ripple of green waves;
And where the fields ran reddest in wild hours,
Let Mercy hide them with a foam of flowers.

O brothers, lift a cry, a long world-cry
Sounding from sky to sky—
The cry of one great word,
Peace, peace, the world-will clamoring to be heard—
A cry to break the ancient battle-plan,
To end it in the sacred name of Man!

WON FIGHT ALONE SLAUGHTER OF 380

Highlander With Maxim Routed German Column.

Civilians of Tarnines Executed by Germans, Is Story.

Saved Bridge Over the Aisne and Then Fell Dead With Thirty Bullet Wounds in Body.

Paris.—A gigantic Scotch Highlander is the hero of one battle for the possession of a bridge over the Aisne.

A German attack was not expected at this point and the Scotch detachment of 150 men was meant to act rather as a guard than as a force to defend the bridge. Suddenly, however, the Germans opened fire from the woods around and a strong force outnumbering our little detachment came forward at a run toward the bridge.

The Highlanders opened fire at once, and for a time held the enemy at bay, but the numbers of Germans were so great that the attacking force crept constantly nearer, and under cover of a heavy fire a column of troops were seen advancing along the road that led to the river.

Then one of the Highlanders jumped up from cover. The Maxim gun belonging to the little force had ceased its fire, for the whole of the crew had been killed, and the gun stood there on its tripod silent amid a ring of bodies. The Highlander ran forward and under a storm of bullets seized the Maxim, swung it and its tripod on his back and carried it at a run across the exposed bridge to the far side facing the German attack.

The belt of the gun was still charged and there, absolutely alone, the soldier sat down in full view of the enemy and opened a hail of bullets upon the advancing column.

Under the "onset of fire, the column wavered, then broke, fleeing for cover of the fields on either side of the road, leaving scores of dead that the Maxim had mowed down.

A moment later the Highlander fell dead beside his gun.

There is the open road he had checked the advance upon the bridge and reinforcements came doubling up to the river bank in such numbers that the Germans soon retired and gave up the attempt to gain the bridge.

The Highlander had thirty bullet wounds in his body when he was picked up.

One French Deserter—A Dog.

Paris.—A little deserter from the front was found by a policeman, wandering disheveled and ensnared in one of the boulevards. It was a long-haired animal bearing on its collar the name of its regiment, "The Twenty-sixth Cyclist Chasseurs." The deserter was taken to the police station and, pending investigation, was washed and fed. It developed that the regiment to which it belonged was usually stationed at Vincennes, but had been one of the first sent to the front. The opinion was that the deserter, at the first sound of firing, had turned and fled.

Abbot of a Benedictine Monastery Tells How Citizens Were Lined Up Against a Wall and Shot.

By HARRY HANSEN.
War Correspondent of the Chicago Daily News.

London.—When I was in Flushing a remarkable story was told me of the death of 380 leading citizens of Tarnines, a Belgian town near Namur and Dinant. It was related to me by Mgr. Columba Marmion, abbot of the Benedictine monastery of Maredsous, near Namur, who, disguised as a laborer, has just evaded the Germans and was on his way to England.

"On the best of authority," said the abbot, "I know that the Germans killed great numbers of civilians in families because it was reported that they had fired on the troops. The most amazing instances of wholesale execution occurred at the bridge across the River Sambre, where these men, who were accused of bearing arms, were placed against a brick wall in the form of an angle. The commanding officer demanded that all cry 'Hoch der Kaiser!'"

"The civilians obeyed hoping for leniency. Then they were told to bend over, whereupon many cried out for mercy. The order to fire was given, and all fell in a heap, the living with the dead. The officer then ordered all the living to rise. These expected freedom, but no sooner did they stand erect than a second order to fire was given."

"One man was not killed, and he lay under the heap of corpses. The soldiers left the place, but he remained lying there several hours longer. Toward dusk he extricated himself and crawled toward the bridge. Finding it guarded, he slid down the embankment into the water, swam under the bridge up the stream, and occasionally dived to escape observation."

"Coming to a tree, he held himself to the roots while soldiers walked up and down the banks. He remained there probably an hour until his body became cold. It was necessary for him to get out of the water, so he drew himself up, but was observed by a soldier, who poked among the roots of the tree with his bayonet."

"The fugitive dived again and swam feebly as long as his strength lasted. Then he sought the bank again and lay there exhausted. He was not discovered, and finally crept away into a thicket. The next day he walked, crawled and ran until he reached friends and safety."

"This story is vouched for also by H. A. Poels, formerly a professor in the Catholic university at Washington."

Mrs. Marmion is an Irishman, although at the head of a Belgian monastery. He wore a blue and white laborer's shirt, open at the throat. Careless of his attire, he was happy over his escape, because of the danger he had passed through. He said that a priest's life is not necessarily safe under the German occupation. His first attempt to leave the German lines was frustrated, but he finally got through in an automobile with doctor Poels and several others who had passed for Holland.

GETTING OUR MONEY'S WORTH

IN EVERY transaction we expect to get our money's worth. When we buy merchandise from our local storekeepers we examine everything with the utmost care, we test for strength and look for quality. We discuss with the merchant the desirability and value of everything and after we shall have decided that we will effect a purchase we are convinced that we have obtained full value and that we can depend on our purchase as being what we want.

Then, again, if for any reason we have reason to be dissatisfied with that which we have bought we can talk it over with our merchant and any discrepancy will be readily adjusted.

This is the principle of all good business. The buyer meets the seller face to face and examines the goods before closing the deal. The seller is responsible for his representations and the buyer can always find him and adjust any differences which may occur.

On the other hand there is the mail order method. We receive a book from the mail order house, illustrated with expensive pictures of various articles. The descriptions of these articles are always optimistic and gloriously pleasing. Our minds are impressed by the charming wording of the descriptions and the selection of adjectives creates in our minds a desire to possess these wonderful things.

All sorts of promises are made in the book, or catalog. We will be accorded the greatest possible consideration. We will be allowed all kinds of privileges; we can return the goods at the expense of the house if not satisfactory; shipments will be made with promptness and despatch; any damages in shipping will be adjusted at once; "Our Mr. So-and-So will give your orders his personal attention," etc.

We are flattered and caajoed by the clever wording of the catalogue and the statements made in the "fake" personal letters sent to follow up the catalogue. We are touched in that tiny spot of vanity which, though small, seems to be everywhere and to respond to the slightest touch.

We are allured by the prospect of obtaining such magnificent and desirable articles at such remarkably low (?) prices and we are flattered by the statement that Mr. So-and-So will give our order personal attention.

We begin to believe ourselves to be "some punkins" and we are inclined to swell up and look askance at our less fortunate townsmen who have not been singled out for such distinction as a letter, signed in person by Mr. So-and-So.

Therefore, we decide that we will send an order for something. We forget that we can go into the store of our own local So-and-So, whom we know and to whom we are perhaps responsible for past favors. But it is easy to forget all this in the happiness and exultation of having been singled out by the great mail order "boss" as a desirable person with whom to do business. SO WE SEND AN ORDER, CASH WITH IT, OF COURSE.

Then we wait for the article to come. More waiting. Then we write to the mail order "boss."

We get a succession of form letters in reply, but no merchandise. We waste a lot of time and patience and postage stamps and stationery. Finally the shipment arrives.

We are astounded. This hardly looks like the article we expected. So we write again. Then follows more correspondence. We are told to examine the article again thoroughly and compare the description with it. We do so.

Yes, the technical description is the same, BUT THE CLEVER STYLE IN WHICH IT IS WRITTEN HAS DELIBERATELY MISLED US. The illustration has led us to deliberately, because the picture was toned up and exaggerated for the sole purpose of misleading us.

We are stung. We could have gotten a far better value from our local storekeeper for the money. The lying letters we received from Mr. So-and-So were merely printed form letters and were probably never seen by the alleged signer, who is in Europe spending the dollars which we, and other similar dupes, have sent him.

But! Why will we persist in such foolishness? Our common sense should tell us better. But no, probably we will do the same thing over again when we get the same sort of flattering and lying dops from another mail order house that has bought a list of names, containing ours, from the house which stung us.

YES, THEY WILL PASS OUR NAMES ALONG, ONE TO THE OTHER. WE HAVE PLACED OURSELVES ON RECORD AS BEING "EASY MARKS." In the meantime we may go to our local dealer and buy the article we really need. He will guarantee it and, perhaps, give us credit for it if we need it.

LET US SUPPORT OUR LOCAL BUSINESS MEN. THEY ARE ENTITLED TO OUR TRADE AND WE KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT FROM THEM.

PAYING THE FIDDLER

WE ALL realize that when there is dancing going on, whether it be the new-fangled tango or the old-fashioned polka or waltz—some one must pay the fiddler.

We cannot have music without paying for it, nor can we have much of anything in this world without paying for it.

If we expect any person to do something for us, we expect, naturally, to do something in exchange for such favors as we receive. If we accept favors, but evade the responsibility of making any returns for them it will not be long before we discover that the unpaid for favors become curtailed.

Probably we become provoked, after this favors have stopped, and acknowledge our own stupidity. It is generally too late when we wake up and then it is merely the old story over again—of locking the door after the horse has been stolen.

Many of us in this community devote more or less of our time to the raising of produce of various kinds. We have vegetables, butter, eggs, milk, etc., to sell.

We find it a convenience to sell such products in the local stores. Some of our business men buy up the small quantities, as well as the larger lots, and ship all together to the more central markets.

This facility for disposing of such articles is a great convenience to us. If the local storekeeper did not buy our produce it would be difficult for us to find a market. In fact, there would be no market for small quantities except at ruinous prices.

Therefore we are favored, to a very considerable extent, by the fact that our local storekeeper stands ready to buy from us. This places us under certain obligations. The local storekeepers are entitled to some consideration from us in return.

HOW MANY OF US APPRECIATE AND ACKNOWLEDGE THIS FACT? How many of us think of this when we have some cash to spend? How many of us consider that the local storekeeper is entitled to our trade and that we are morally bound to consider him as the proper repository for our orders and the recipient of our trade?

It is regrettable that many of us must plead guilty to an entire forgetfulness of any feeling of obligation. Therefore, we send our orders, with the cash, to the mail order houses, to whom we owe nothing.

We are enticed by cleverly written advertisements and neatly worded descriptions of goods and merchandise so that we deceive ourselves into believing them to be true. We forget the local storekeeper and his favors; we forget that he is a tenant to the community and to every individual in the community; we forget that he is affording us an opportunity to dispose of our produce—that he has his money invested in a stock of merchandise that he has selected because he believed we would need such articles and would wish to buy them at home.

Every dollar we send away from home to the mail order houses brings us closer to the limitations of our local opportunities. Every dollar diverted from local trade adds to the restrictions of our trade facilities at home so that we are not only permitting, but we are inviting, our local merchants to close up shop and go out of business; or to move to some community where their efforts will be more appreciated.

By our lack of appreciation we are urging our local storekeepers to restrict their efforts to carrying only the lines of merchandise that are the most profitable for them and to cut out all goods that we can buy in the city. We are actually inviting disaster.

LET US AWAKEN TO A REALIZATION OF THE CONDITIONS WHICH CONFRONT US. LET US PLACE SOME LIMITATIONS ON OUR DISREGARD FOR EXISTING CONDITIONS AND LOOK INTO THE FUTURE.

We can see what the consequences must be if we fail to do our share toward supporting the establishments of our business men in town, for the handwriting is written plainly on the wall.

Shall we read the writing and profit by the message or shall we continue to dance merrily and foolishly on until the time shall come when we must pay? And how shall we pay?

There will be only one way to pay and that will be with much more than the profit we shall have derived from our dealings with the mail order houses. WE WILL PAY DEARLY UNLESS WE AWAKEN TO A FULL SENSE OF OUR RESPONSIBILITIES, AND AT ONCE.

We wish to dance, but let us change the tune—or the fiddler.

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